

Bard

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Bard

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In the heart of the green man.

To carry herself into the woods and then.

It was too much like what he wanted to.

My id is in another country who is speaking.

Sometimes just don't want to see.

Loki revises Venus's handiwork.

Seeing they say is bad for the eyes.

How far the mouth can kiss.

There are more elements than animals they'll find.

Chemistry is a halfway house.

It all is folklore done with funny numbers.

Believe nothing and love everything c'est tout.

Belief wrecks the balance boat heels capsizes.

Belief unhinges fleshly certainties.

Belief swishes dusty curtains over mind.

The aged poet is younger than you.

You have to challenge the great on their own ground.

You've got to be at least Caravaggio.

Staircase to Parnassus still means a fugue.

A fugue on F-you-G-E and only fugues have heart.

We all are fugitives and hurry to the no one home.

Addiction's a polite word for selfishness.

Store-bought wise dooms burn this book.

Nowheres near the middle of the mind.

They call them people they live in the sun.

Six myriads one mother of God.

If you follow the sea long enough you come to a self.

But is it yours the pilot roared.

I am ashamed of what I think I see.

Haven't you been given hints enough to feel your skin.

Read all the words that aren't written.

Literature is built of denials.

Don't be clever just be cute like rain.

You let the wind shampoo your hair.

You let the sea be my bedtime story never stops.

I accuse myself of listening that rape done with the ears.

Ideals are murderers let loose when men are sleeping.
Don't you love how things just are.
They have ideas but no idea.
The 'soul in judgment' on the cliffs of more.
I can't know what I mean till I see what it says.
Write it down and turn your back like a duelist pacing off.

A grassy mind perplexed without desires.
The premise here there is a mind as such beyond the brain.
Take off your wings and walk like a Christian.
Can you land on my life little bird.
Sea same as sky the ground is always floating.
Things you never bothered thinking.

A thought crossing my mind no more mine than a bird crossing the sky.
We belong to what we think not the other way round.
Philosophers are noisy victims of what they think.
Revising sunlight so it's thicker than Provence.
That's not what I mean I only wanted something to eat.
Tame wolves are waiting till you sleep.

There is a truth two bodies know that sex undoes.

Knowing without doing is the greatest human right.

Leave me alone with you a little while.

Doing is an anxious substitute for being.

No one knows the mind like me.

Sometimes we go back to Spain and start again.

18 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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Herm herm the head without a thing.

Patient Alcibiades destroys the state.

A state is a cop with his pocket full of us.

Handcuffs glitter in stagey sunshine.

We build things to show to foreigners.

We keep our natives in the dark.

True anarchist slays his ego first first tyrant.

Where does this come from my fine fish.

Bluefish from the smokehouse party on the hill.

Quiet the miracles let architecture do its work.

Glass walls on every library we read in social context.

If I can't be a dancer I'll build cathedrals.

Trouble with dancers they use the wrong parts of themselves.

Be close enough to dance with the smell of your breath.

Only tangent bodies dance the dance is not for eyes.

But touch is a profanation too of some unknown.

The radical intellect must dispense with meaning.

No park benches on the moon.

The reverse happens to be true or tree.
She saw them sitting there three moons and no weather.
She bore the crowns from all of them and put one on.
Come back to me when you know who you are.
I will always tell you otherwise no lies.
We slept inside the little glimpse of skin no war.

Don't think of that think just of this.
Every monosyllable wants to be the moon.
A paradise of particulars and the sea.
Hatchet hack some dead tree back to life.
Where were the ripe figs when he needed.
Come back and be my daughter after all.

This is getting personal the advocate disconcerted.
Trees are always hiding something isn't it.
Raw wood my dearest treasure ever whose.
A wren in judgment midsummer nears.
He saw clearly the two gods of that valley.
It is our duty to nourish local deity.

Sometimes the dream police come too late to revise the night.
The thing you love in her is everywhere.
Then the sinners came and sealed the sea.
Love is the physics of difference the metaphysics of hope.
Sun glare on the sea says stop dreaming alone.
Dream-linked sleepers rule the world.

Sometimes only sameness says me.
We have what we can't have.
Hard stone stairs of Irish towers hide in hearts.
No one awake but the sea and it's snoring.
Light-hearted lies like a lily.
All he wanted from you was your youth you'll lose anyway.

Put things down till your hands are empty.
When reality starts up again try to be missing.
It annoys you to be told what to do don't I.
But where else are all the fish to live.
Plucking the ripest morning he clears his throat.
Fishing boats in the sun glare untie the knot.

We linger lately not a boulder hide behind us.
Treaty with the sound handshake with the ocean.
If I disagree with you enough you'll love me.
I am a dissident with no despot but myself.
I can't get enough of not being me.
I take a staircase everyday a drug called waking.

Not by impulse but by increment.
If you can't make love to god who can you make love to.
Welcome the other other boat the one comes in.
From a bullfrog's mouth an answer comes if I ask.
Learning to speak quiet becomes a stone.
Sly diphthongs of rational discourse.

The whole island!s going to a wedding.
I don't want to belong I want to be long.
Birds are naturally Jewish.
Monkeys are secular humanists.
Too many weddings too few marriages.
The bigger the wedding the shorter the marriage.

Wind brings news from wild roses on the rocks.
The serpent is the sea itself that rings us round.
Under the ruined abbey crypts full of news for you and me.
I hide inside your sense of me.
Was one more waiting or was it leaf alone.
The son of man nowhere to lay his head.

19 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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Without my glasses I could see one star.

How bright that means or close it spoke me.

Tho-rangs the trough of meaning just before light. □□□□□□□□

If you perceive are you awake or is the light inside instead.

Now I declare the one I love is north it all comes down.

They talk about liberty but all they mean is talk.

Let the perceivers perceive the whistles blow.

The wrong-armed Scythians breathe Attic calm.

Make me a soldier mother make me a god,

All you can ever be is what you wonderful are.

They carry money in the afterlife their images.

A good novel is one you feel no need to finish reading.

Freedom of a silent man my father's potency.

Freedom is silence.

Make trouble or make art leave war and love alone.

Consider Achilles with blueblack hair sprawled in the dust.

Consider the pure alternative to anything.

Consider the financial affairs of the long-time dead.

Every death is suicide the wise man said.
Suicide is just one more disease the wise man said.
We have free will we can go living the wise man said.
We know nothing but what happens and there is no truth.
Death is always waiting for our assent.
In the army of the dead we'll serve our term.

Then come again and be my horoscope strange star.
Strange is stranger from another strand a foreigner a god.
There are ambitions deadlier than cyanide.
Know the worst and hurry through the gate.
Lurk in folklore like a child in the bath.
The man thinks the dog barks.

Any garden is where the gnomes can wait.
Matter is the product of interpretation.
Reasoning and imagining are the same coin.
Walk with baby steps the alley of the id.
Engrave all tombstones with the resurrection date.
I like to pass a house where daylight shows right through.

What does one sacrifice in writing this not waiting for that.
Every work of art haunted by the shadows of the unmade.
There'll always be another chance for now.
Fill your belly with surmises the feds will always lose.
Be about grasses instead be about stone.
They are close to permanent in your chronotome.

They hunt you with light rays from invisible stars.
It's the daytime stars that persuade the ways you are.
Bend it around tomorrow tie it to yesterday.
Blue of the Day of Judgment belong to the color you are.
Everything starts tomorrow always.
Too many waiting for I to be.

You tell them by their faces everything is green and sea.
The more complex the closer to truth.
Can you call it moral when leaves are on the elm.
The specific is always in disguise an impostor of the actual.
Whenever there is nakedness the balcony is quiet.
Queen Libuše delighting in flute and harp K.299.

Near and far away at once like a fruit.
Still room for comparisons a girl climbing the hill.
Radio one time rapture sunburn in the ear.
Fire hydrant every navel of the earth.
She has so many bodies everywhere.
Time for men to start giving birth.

Nothing is at all inside the body.
The body is all out and outward bound.
I'm near the end of the beginning.
The wind englobes me it all is listening.
Show what you're made of before you leave the room.
You did and you did and what did you learn.

Bell-8 bongs at the channel mouth a wind word heard.
We hear fence we think wood they think what the wood encloses.
Old tune our town.
Sea still and lucky faring.
Goldfinches come from the woods primitive accumulation.
Who listens to the Ladies listening.

All the Fates do is give us back our words as things.
Our only business is to praise I think.
Organ-grinder with Darwin on a leash the Rights of Beast.
Well-nigh forgotten how to do the human talk.
Among the hydrangeas though some blue is happening.
We are the silent parts of music made us.

The tacit golf cart surveys a calmed sea.
I have nothing greater than to be.
Things work well when we're off dreaming.
India again last night no exit visa.
Ambient light controls the speed of thought.
She spreads her legs and there are hands instead.

She lay asleep and there was one rose.
Nos roses encourage such shy bees.
Gloom-sunk drinkers at green tables.
A credit card to ease the bolt back.
Art's a manx cat with naught to follow.
The farmer looks out despairing at no farm.

Don't you see we come from a different earth.

We want to go back to that clean place.

Pure topology and one poplar tree.

Streets run from us and scroll up as we pass.

Where we go is light and where we turn is text.

No toothache and no tetanus all languages are one.

20 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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Always another customer waiting for some meat.

He sails by mouth across the choppy bay.

Seals sun on the rocks he waves to his mothers.

Men perish avoiding the obvious.

Sentenced to the sentence one speaks.

Nothing moves that fast.

Couldn't we make just one mistake together.

A monster but a monster sleeps.

I fear my mind's on something else.

Another argument goes on unheard unheeded.

Try to see in the window so much light.

A puffed-out baby sparrow beak up to be fed.

Did I wake up before I did.

Is all of it just sunlight on the sea.

Who are you to renew this inquiry.

In Academe they sell the truth but never tell it.

Slope of the ridge-pole age of the house a gull.

Elegant is grackle in sunlight till it speaks.

Lacking a self we blame others envying the selves we think they have.

Can anything be shorter than this.

Ask a bird and a tree'll answer.

Sleepy sunlight closes my eyes.

If I started naming names you'd wake up fast.

Hairs on the middle phalanx sign of what.

No statement is total wrong except this.

Live up to it or lose it.

Spillways of the skin let excess feeling out.

How young I was when I was young.

The light seems very far away today.

Urgency in afterglow what does dark demand.

All these uncarved inscriptions from no rock.

To save the tale it must go on earth waits.

I walked into the vein of quartz led down into the rock.

Misremembered elegances from an empire ago.

Prompt to disbelieve in what they most required.

Far away a rainbow stricken on the sea.

Kiss the log that lets the story swim.
Romance is salt love loves the woods.
Deep in the glass mountain conspirators weep.
I am folklore you are city.
A fence around the feelings makes sense of fences.
Every else has a somewhere of its own.

Of course it might all be wrong the epitaph.
A season ticket to the fall of man.
Confederate money common in my youth.
Wayward testimonials to a girl gone again.
A park condemned to death all night.
Yearning for the sound of distant cities.

21 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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A denser text to lay before the Lordy.

I put out what it says the rest is you.

This too is written in a foreign language.

Language is mist on the sea language is morning.

Stay alchemist till the white turns blue.

Farewell text dwell handsome in the clemencies.

Weight-bearing in the wonder world a hand a house.

Gods go on vacation in celebrities be kind to them.

Nothing is easy if it loves you.

When the god is gone she mumbles pointless on the stage.

Don't mistake this for imperative.

Secret answers to the ten commandments.

Mortgage value of unoccupied ideas.

A premise is a wilderness of guess.

Why are there women in the morning.

Near enough to judgment a crow decides.

Try to touch the other side of this try to milk the now.

Night is an anchor tangled deep in weed.

Shielded from brightness able to see.

The Temple will never be rebuilt it's here all round us.

There is some forever in little things.

I write against the seneschals of thought the idolmakers.

To keep language safe for the trivial the uncommodity the gods.

Did you really think I am an animal and which.

It gets this endish feeling when light comes that bright vampire.

Disco ball come twirling over sea horizon.

And this is for you just a touch on the wrist.

Quiet enough to hear a sparrow touch down one just did.

Rivalrous islands homeopathy of space.

Cure birds by birds cure words by words.

Take the sea back home with me.

The whole ocean fits inside the hollow moon.

Where did water come from.

The birds know something I don't know.

Subway empathy faces in the roar of sound.

Be alive with words fierce and blank as colors are.

22 June 2011, Cuttyhunk